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FROST Fancies.

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FROST FANCIES.



FROST FANCIES.

BY



PALMER D. HATCH.



*Fancy, high commission'd: send her?
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties, that the earth has lost.*

KEATS.



HARD & PARSONS:
NEW YORK.

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WORDS as bright as glowing leaves,

Thoughts like precious autumn sheaves,

Truth as pure as winter snow,

Fancies light as blossoms blow,

Songs with joy and beauty filled,

By the love of nature thrilled.

PALMER D. HATCH.

FROST WORK.

THESE winter nights, against my window pane

Nature with busy pencil draws designs

Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of pines,

Which she will make when summer comes again—

Quaint arabesques in argent, flat and cold,

Like curious Chinese etchings * * By and by,

Walking my leafy garden as of old,

These frosty fantasies shall charm my eye

In azure, damask, emerald and gold.

T. B. ALDRICH.

THE hills are often white with snow-powder, black
spring-tempests rush fiercely down from them, and
then again the sky looks forth with a pale pure
brightness,—like Eternity from behind Time.
The sky, when one thinks of it, is always blue,
pure changeless azure, rains and tempests are
only for the little dwelling where men abide. Let
us think of this too.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE PAGEANT.

A SOUND as if from bells of silver,
Or elfin cymbals smitten clear,
Through the frost-pictured panes I hear.

What miracle of weird transforming
In this wild work of frost and light,
This glimpse of glory infinite.

The jewels loosen on the branches,
And lightly, as the soft winds blow,
Fall, tinkling, on the ice below.

THE PAGEANT.

LET the strange frost work sink and crumble,
And let the loosened tree-boughs swing,
Till all their bells of silver ring.

Shine warmly down, thou sun of noon-time
On this chill pageant, melt and move
The Winter's frozen heart with love.

And, soft and low, thou wind south-blowing
Breathe through a veil of tenderest haze,
Thy prophecy of summer days.

WHITTIER.

THE QUESTION.

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare Winter was changed suddenly to Spring,
And gentle odors led my steps astray,
Mixed with the sound of waters murmuring,
Along a shelvy bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in a dream.

THE QUESTION.

METHOUGHT that of these visionary flowers,
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand.—and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it! Oh, to whom?

SHELLEY.

ABSENCE.

THESE rugged, wintry days I scarce could bear,
Did I not know, that, in the early spring,
When wild March winds upon their errands sing,
Thou wouldst return, bursting on this still air,
Like those same winds, when, startled from their lair,
They hunt up violets, and free swift brooks
From icy cares, even as thy clear looks
Bid my heart bloom, and sing, and break all care.

LOWELL.

ABSENCE.

WHEN drops with welcome rain the April day,
My flowers shall find their April in thine eyes,
Save there the rain in dreamy clouds doth stay,
As loath to fall out of those happy skies;
Yet sure, my love, thou art most like to May,
That comes with steady sun when April dies.

LOWELL.

THE CLEAR VISION.

I DID but dream! I never knew
What charms our sternest season wore,
Was never yet the sky so blue,
Was never earth so bright before.
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
And never learned the bough's designs
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

WHITTIER.

AN ALPINE PICTURE.

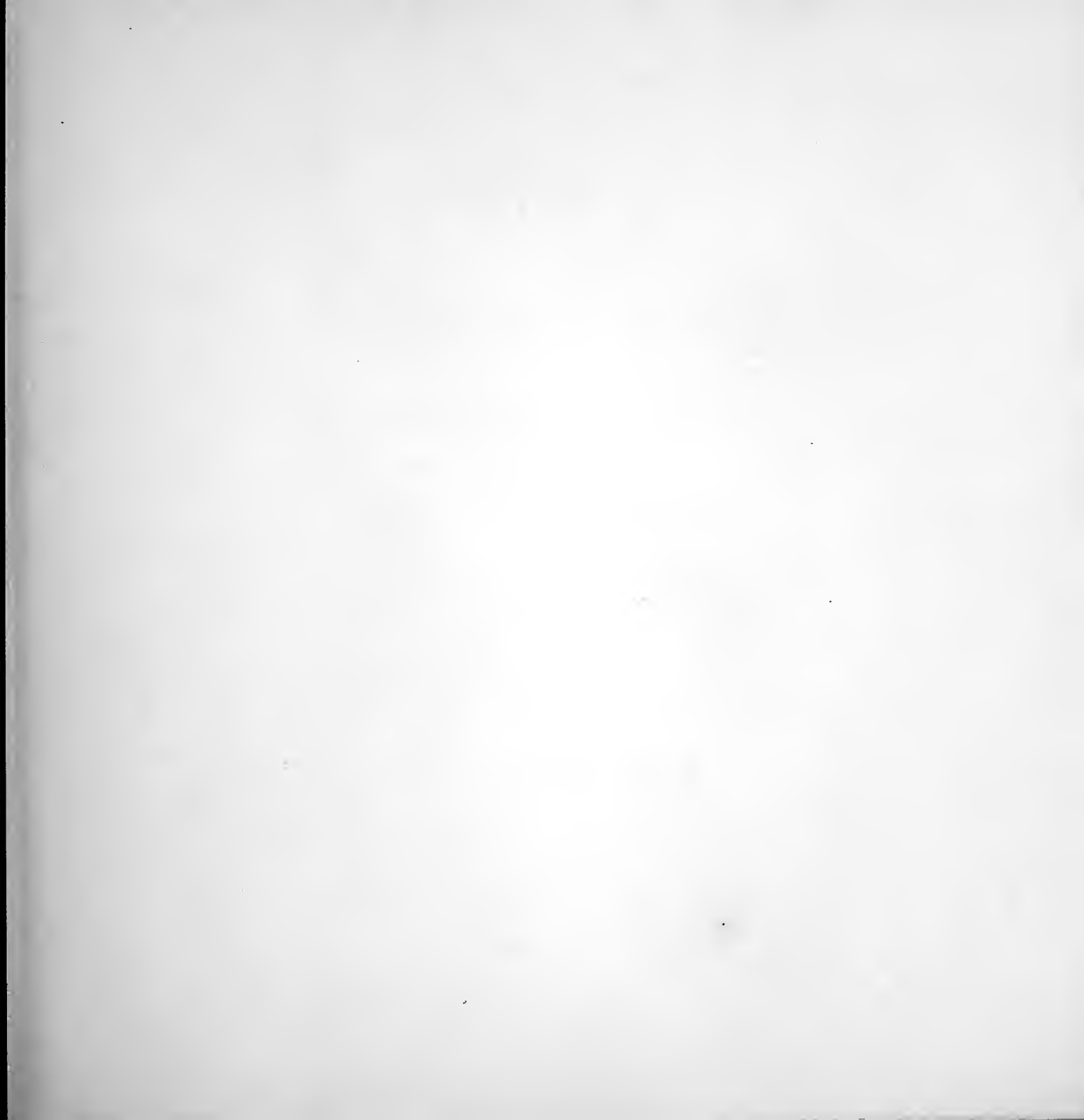
STAND here and look, and softly hold your breath
Best the vast avalanche come crashing down!
How many miles away is yonder town
Set flower-wise in the valley? Far beneath—
A scimitar half drawn from out its sheath—
The river curves through meadows newly mown;
The ancient water courses are all strown
With drifts of snow, fantastic wreath on wreath;
O tell me, love, if this be Switzerland—
Or is it but the frost-work on the pane?

T. B. ALDRICH.

AFTERWARDS.

OF times come blessings in disguise
Of troubles, as from sullen skies
The white snow flutters silently,
Till 'neath the sun that radiantly
At length burst forth, the fair earth lies,
Splendid before our opened eyes.

PALMER D. HATCH.

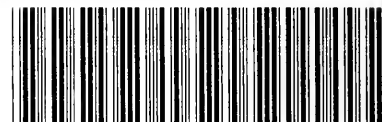








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